### **VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 5.3**

### TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1872.

# Choice Loctry.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

BT CAPT. G. W. CUTTER.

- Harness me down with your fron hands, He sure of your curb and rein; For I scorn the strength of your pump hands, As the tempest scorns a chain. How I isaghed, as I lay concealed from eight, For many a countless hour. At the childish beasts of human might, And the pride of human power.

- When I saw an army upon the land, A nary upon the seas. Creeping along, a small-the band, Or waiting the wayward breeze; When I saw the peasant laintly rest. With the toil which he daily bore, As he feebly turned the tardy wheel, Or tugged at the weary oar;
- When I measured the panting courser's speed.
  The flight of the carrier dove.
  As they bore the law a King decreed,
  Or the lines of impatient love;
  I could not but think how the world would feel,
  At these were retriefuled for

- Ha! ha! ha! they found me out at last:
  They invited me forth at length;
  And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
  And laughed in my iron strength!
  Oh! then ye saw a wondrone change
  On the earth and ocean wide,
  Where sow my kery armies range,
  Nor wait for wind or tide.
- Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
  The mountain's steep decline;
  Time—space—have yielded to my power;
  The world the world a minel.
  The rivers the sun hath earliest blest.
  Or those where his beaus decline;
  The giant streams of the queenly West,
  Or the Orient floods diving!
- The ocean pales where er I aweep.
  To hear my strength rejoice;
  And the monsters of the briny deep
  Cower, trembling, at my vokes.
  I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
  The thoughts of his god-like mind;
- In the darksome depths of the fathomicss min My tireless arm doth play. Where the rocks ne or saw the sun's decline, Or the dawn of the glorious day. I bring earth's glittering jewels up From the hidden caves below. And I fisake the fountain's granife cup With a crystal gush o'erflow.
- I blow the beliews, I forge the steel, In all the shops of trade; I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
- I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay, No bones to be "laid on the shelf;"
- No bones to be "haid on the shelf;" And seen I intend you may "go and play," While I manage the world myself. But harness me down with your iron bands, Be sure of your curb and rein; For I acorn the atrought of your puny hands, As the tempest scorns a chain.

### Select Story.

### A REMARKABLE DOG.

In the Fall of 1843, I made a journey from cen-tral New York down through the eastern part of Pennsylvania, to the city of Philadelphia, in a lumbering old stage-coach. To make matters as disagreeable as possible, it chanced that early one evening, I was roused from sort of a travel-ing doze by a sort of crash and jar, and the set-

and more than once I caught myself fancying that he was about to reply.

"That is a very fine dog you have, Mr. Mansfield," I casually remarked, as I drew back from the table, and saw the eyes of the animal fixed so gently and comprehensively upon mine. "At what price do you value him?"

"His weight in diamonds could not purchase him sir!" replied the farmer. "Indeed!"

down to the village to get my horse shod, and being detained till nearly dark, Hattie was sent by her mother to fetch the cows from a distant pasture. There seemed to be sufficient daylight for the purpose, when she first set out; but night came fast and suddenly, and when I got home, Hattie had not yet returned. From the very moment of being told whither she had gone, I felt a strange uneasiness about the poor girl; for the night had set in in -asely dark, and her path lay over a rugged hill brough a patch of woods, and across the neck of a miry swamp, where I had made a safe footpath by sinking some logs in the treacherous ground, and constructing a rude bridge across the singgish stream. But should either she or the cows miss the bridge, and get into the swamp, there was danger of their being mired and suffocated; and, therefore, it was with a good deal of anxiety that myself and wife, lighted by a lantern, hurried over to the perilous apot, hoping to meet Hattie on the way.

"A fine, misty rain was steadily falling, and clouds hung about the carth like a fog, so that it was impossible to see only a few feet with the aid of the light, and not an inch without it. Judging, from a careful inspection, that the cattle had not crossed the bridge, we went over to the pasture in search of them, calling Hattie londly all the time. We found most of the animals at no great distance, but two animals were missing, and the poor child was not to be discovered. Then we became alarmed in earnest, and commenced a search for her, hurrying from one point to another, and shouting her name, and hallooing continually. This we did for a comple of hours; and then my poor wife sat down and wrung her hands in deep word." I suggested to her that Hattie might even then be as home, alarmed at our absence, and this inspired her mother with sufficient strength and hope to get there, where she sank down under a new disappointment, helpless as a child.

"Ah, sir, that was a time of terrible trial to me—

pointment, helpless as a child.

"Ah, sir, that was a time of terrible trial to me

cause his wonderful sagacity entitled him to rank much higher than an ordinary beast.

Before I knew anything of the remarkable qualities of the animal. I was peculiarly attracted to him by a certain air of stately diguity, combined with gentleness, and the almost humane look of intelligence that beamed from his eyes. It seemed, when he looked at me steadily, and heard me speak, as if he really knew what I said, and more than once I caught myself fancying that he was about to reply.

"That is a very fine dog you have, Mr. Mansfield," I casually remarked, as I drew back from the table, and saw the eyes of the animal fixed so gently and comprehensively upon mine. "At

be date. And saw the eyes of the animal facet so gently and comprehensively upon mine. "At length we reached a spot more wild, rocky and "Its weight in diamonds could not purchase him, sit!" repl. det farmer. "Its weight in diamonds could not purchase him, sit!" repl. det farmer. "At length we reached a spot more wild, rocky and gloomy than I had yet seen; and, climbing of my site, or my daughter Hattie, there, as of selling him." "There must be a strong attachment between "There must be a rejoined." "Indeed, there is, a bond of union that nothing but death can sever. A most extraordinary amal, air, is Brunc; and to him, under God, I am indebted for the life of my darling child." Only for him, at, this would long since have been a house of mourning."

"Presently I will, sir. But first let me show yon how much Bruno knows and understands. Where did you place the candle-stick last night, 'More did you place the candle-stick last night,' Hattie, when you went to bed!"

"On the table, father."

"And the extinguisher?"

"It left that off the table."

"You may go and get it. Stay," he continued, as he rose to obsey: "you may not be able to find it in the dark, and Bruno can. Go and get it. The dog, who had been looking at an same seemingly ligtening to the conversation, now quicky arose, and going to the door, which you have an assemingly ligtening to the conversation, now quicky arose, and going to the door, which you have an assemingly ligtening to the conversation, now quicky arose, and going to the door, which we have been looking at no and the substitute of the stable."

"It has now of the substitute of th mine.
"At length we reached a spot more wild, rocky

nat was said to him, Mr. Mansfield proceeded to the said t

# Miscellany.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIA

I knew a sweet girl, with a bonny blue eye,
Who was born in the shade
The witch-bazel-tree made,
Where the brook sang a song
All the Summer-day long.
And the moments went indrivily byLike the birdlings the moments flew by.

ти.

## BEMINISCENCE OF "HONEST

mother with sufficient strength and hope to get there, where she sank down under a new disuppointment, helpless as a child.

"Ah, sir, that was a time of terrible trial to memory aweste child lost, my wife utterly prostrated, and not another soul near to give me aid and any another soul near to give me aid and any another soul near to give me aid and any another soul near to give me aid and any another soul near to give me aid and any another soul near to give me aid and any another soul rearrible trial to memoridately set off to ronse other neighbors, and his family accompanied me bome. By midnight quite a party lad assembled at the house here, but it was decided not to begin the search of the poor child, taking along a couple of dinner-horse and some three or four rifles, in hopes of reaching her by sounds louder than our calls and shouts. We took the regular cow-path to the pasture, and searched through the swamp thoroughly in the vicinity of the bridge. The pasture was hilly, and much covered with trees and brush, and were several hours getting through with that; then we spread off in different directions, and exempted the day without success. Oh, what a horrible night was that to me which followed.

"For four days we scoured the country in every direction, without getting any tidings of the poor child, and then all, even the most sanguine in finding her, gave her up as utterly lost; and, completely worn out and heart-broken, I threw myself down, wishing for death to relieve more was defined and with this idea uppermost in try, returned with Buno, who had been his sold that the speakership was too high a positive of the search of the wooder of all who knew him, excited a faint hope in my breast, that he might yet find, his young mistress, either living or dead; and with this idea uppermost in my mind, half insane as I was, I talked to him on the saf adiati jest as if he were absessed with the might yet find, his young mistress, either living or dead; and with this idea uppermost in my mind, half insane as I

chase a silver-handled coffin with a gilt plate. No cards.

The benefit of "patent outsides" shows up well in one of our Ohio exchanges this week. On the first page was a piece of poetry entitled "To My Darling's Eyes." It had been carefully selected by the hald-headed wielder of the trenchant shear blade who clips for a hundred communities as easy as he does for one, and whose plastic brain froths for all, at the same price, but when the poetry appeared in one particular paper in a County south of this, a father and a parent took exception to the poetry, supposing it to be written by the man of two horse brain power who runs the paper in the village, and who was sweet on the old man's daughter. A skirmish occurred at a prayer meeting, just as the editor was hooking on to his girl to see her home. The father now wears a piece of shingle over the place where his eye was, while the unlucky newspaper man is fed through a spout, and is trying to digust his teath which he swallowed.

## Har Letter from O'Graly to O'Greele

I knew a fair maid, sonl-enchanting in grace,
Who replied to my vow,
Near the hanel-tree bough,
"Like the brook to the sea.
How I yearn, love, for theel".
And she hid in my basen her face—
In my basear her beautiful face.

I have a dear wife, who is ever my guide;
Wood and won in the shade.
The witch-hazel-tree made,
Where the brook sings its song
All the Summer-day long.
And the moments in harmony glide—Like our lives they in harmony glide.

At the Metropolitan, in Washington, I found myself in two or three epochs, so to speak, to say nothing of the variety of political elements therein entered. There was Senator Morton one room removed from ex-President Johnson, and on another floor were the distinguished Harrison elector, Gen. Meredith, the Hon. Lowis D. Campbell, and Storrs, of Chicago. A half dozen ladies, a few politicians, and several Senators and Representatives made up the residue.

The Metropolitan, by way, is one of the coziest

lealy disappeared.

"Early the next morning, my brother shoulting box wo fit from part of the vehicle. The fore part of the axelitrce had broken close to the fore wheel, and mutil it could be repaired, we could not proceed further.

"There's a small village back here about three midles," said the driver, "to which I am going to take the horses, and you may either come with me or get lodging at a farm-house near by."

As I was the only passenger, I preferred the nearest lodgings; and getting the driver to assist me in removing my loggage thinter, I asked entertainment of the farmer, who assented in a cortical manner; and in loss than an hour I was seated at the table, and doing ample justice to the good cheer before me.

The family of Mr. Mansfield—for such was the name of the worthy farmer—consisted of himself, wife, a pretty daughter of fourteen, and a large Eaglish mastiff. I have included the dog, because his wonderful sagacily entitled him to rank much higher than an ordinary beast.

Before I knew anything of the remarkable qualities of the animal. I was peculiarly attracted to him by a certain air of stately diguity, combined with gentleness, and the almost humane look of intelligence that beamed from his eyes, it seemed, when he looked at me steadily, and heard me speak, as if he really knew what I said, and more than once I caught myself fancying that and more than once I caught myself fancying that and more than once I caught myself fancying that and more than once I caught myself fancying that and more than once I caught myself fancying that an intention of the same has a manner than the manner than the middle of the day, that I was somewhere about the middle of the day, that I was somewhere about the middle of the day, that I was somewhere about the middle of the day, that I was somewhere about the middle of the day, that I was somewhere about the middle of the day, that I was somewhere about the middle of the day, that I was somewhere about the middle of the day, the strain that I was somewhere about

at the strange complication of events which has placed Horace Greeley at the head of the Democratic party."

In the discussion of the ways that are dark, the speaker's mind seemed to go back with relief to the contemplation of the character of George G. Dann. "He was a man of a million," he said, "seamingly far removed from the weaknesses of common humanity."

"Yes," remarked an Indianian present, "the ordinary conversation of George G. Dunn was a model of poetic and vigorous thought. In every day life he inspired devotion. There was a rough, good hearted creature, Lucius Hockett for example, who served him with the fidelity of a slave to his lasthour. When dying, he called him to his bedside and said: 'Loosh, get me a drink of cool water from the spring.'

"When Lucius returaed, the great man murmured 'thanks,' and, Jooking at him with royal tenderness, addrd: 'You shall be cup-bearer when I am king.'

"Why, George G. Dunn's portrait is in every honse in his County town, and when he was to speak in an ordinary case in court, the whole County turned out en masse to hear him. His manner of speaking was slow and measured, and it was marvelous how, with unaltered voice and mien, by virtue of the cause be advocated, he could transport his hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and as easily conduct them back to the realms of sober thought."—Laura Ream, in the Missouri Democrat.

A New Orleans journal is inclined to be face-

A New Orleans journal is inclined to be facetions, over the sudden demise of a worthy citizen of "Yellow Jack's Paradise," whose sole offence was that, unlike most inventors, his first experiment was performed on himself. Mr. Gray, so runs this "o'er true tale," had discovered a non-explosive illuminating fluid, and to prove itsquality he invited a few friends to his room, whither he had brought a barrel of the fluid, which he at once proceeded to stir with a red-hot poker. As he went through the roof of his house, accompanied by his friends, he endeavored to explain to his neighbor that the particular fluid in the barrel had too much benzine in it; but the gentleman said he had an engagement higher up. Mr. Gray continued his ascent until he met Mr. Jones, who informed him that there was no necessity for him to go higher, as every one was coming down, so Mr. Gray started back. His widow offers for sale the secret of the manufacture of the non-explosive fluid at a reduced rate, as she wishes to purchase a silver-handled coffin with a gilt plate. No cards.

## PROM OULD IMPLAND.

. TIPPERARY, OULD IRRIAND, May, 1872.

Mr. Horras & Greeley:

Mr. Horras & Greeley:

Mr. Dear Cozzen: I see by the papers that you are nominated fur to be Prisident of these United States. An' as it takes votes to git elected, I suppose the likes o' yees will be afther huntin' up all yer frinds to be afther voting fur you!

Now I am not only yer frind, but I am yer cozzen, too. The O'Graly's, of Ould Ireland, are not the boys to go back on their relations in Ameriky, especially when the relashun is afther runniu' for the office of the Prisidency.

There are many bands, mee dear Horras, which binds our two families together. You are the farmer ov Chappasquy, and we are the bog trolters of oild Tipperay; you grow the wooly silk wur-rum, and we grow the pig what pays the rint, but divil the bit of wool grows on him at all, at all! You wears a white hat, and a white coat, too, fur that matther, while many of your relashums of the O'Graly family don't wear either, bad luck to them—fur they haven't got any to wear!

all! You wears a white hat, and a white cost, too, fur that matther, while many of your relashums of the O'Graly family don't wear either, bad luck to them—fur they haven't got any to wear!

But, it is a wonderful hist yees got at the Cincinnati Convintion, though ye had a divil of a crowd to hist ye. Whin I was at the Donnybrook Fair, the last, I'm supposin' I saw jist the kind ov o' crowd that lifted yees into the Prisidential cheer—not the cheer, exactly, but the Prisidential nomenation. The papers are afther sayin' it was the sorcheade what did the bisness fur yees; well, Donnybrook had plinty of sore beads and bloody moses, fur the O'Graly's were about wid their shilialeis, and the spalpeens had to suffer.

I suppose the people of Ameriky tell lies about yees, just as the people over here tell lies about yees, just as the people over here tell lies about yees, just as the people over here tell lies about yees, just as the people over here tell lies about yees, just as the people of Ameriky tell lies about yees, just as the people or here tell lies about yees, just as the people or here tell lies about yees, just as the people or here tell lies about yees, if he didn't prove it; but he had the impudence to prove it, and then he broke nearly ivery bone in my body besides. To the divil wid all sich men! They are not a respectiv' a feller's feelins, moral character or his bones aither! My advice to you, me dear cozzen, is not to threaten the party what tells lies about yees, for they might prove thim to be thrue, and bate ye besides, and that would be bad fur a Prisidential candidate.

The papers are afther sayin' that it was a bloody Dutchman, and a fire-catin' Blair who nominated ye. They say, too, that Blair has a "Broadhead," which fact I suppose accounts for the pile o' brains he carries wid him. Indade, it is said he had all ov the brains ov the convintion, and did the thinkin for all of the sorcheads, and that Shurz was his mouthpiece, and blared the trumpet for him. But you need to the brains of the ca

Horras, ye kin do the cussin', fur ye are peculiarly adapted to that bizness. Ye must 'tend all ov the fairs and shows in the South, an' ye n.ust continue to shawear, when ye are down there, that ye was always in favor ov "lettin' the wayward sisters depart in payce." Thin ye may expect to git the Southern Dimmyeratic vote.

The O'Gralys will thry and manage the Irish vote for ye. We will tell thim it wasn't me Cozzen, Horras O'Greeley, that went afther the Fenians wid a sharp sthick; and that it wasn't the Tribgeon offis that the frends of Saymour tried to tear down in the riot days, when the government was unlawfully drafting white men. We will manage that for ye, be jabers!

But the noospapers are a sayin' yees on both sides o' the fence on the tarif question; that ye are "free trade" or anything else the divil wants ye to be whin runnin' for offis. We don't understand the tarif question over here, never havin' read yer "book on farmin'," hence we have no advice to give ye on that subject now, but be sure and manage yer cards so they won't throw you. off the fence.

I am comin' over to Ameriky in the next stameship what sails from ould Ireland. I will write you another letther on board the ship, and I will help ye in the Tribgeon offis, afther I get there. You must be elected. The O'Gralys will get no offis if ye don't.

All yer frends of the onld counthry sind their love to you. Look out fur yer cozzen when the stameship comes a sailin' up the bay. Adoo!

From your cozzen, Mike O'Graly.

"Semasorial Matea."

We publish elsewhere a striking passage from the letter of a Washington correspondent, on the subject of "Senatorial hatea"—the mutual dislikes and often bitter fends so frequently existing between Senators from the same State. It is one of the saddest of all commentaries on the inseparable weakness of poor human nature to have to admit the almost universal existence of these intense, unreasoning hatreds between men, who, according to the true theory of our elective form of government, ought to be the wisest, purest, best and most exemplary citizens of their respective States.

In addition to the instances referred to in the extract, it may be mentioned that the most intense animosity existed, many years ago, between Senators Grundy and White, and Grundy and Bell, of Tennessee; afterwards between Bell and Jones, (both Whigs); and fiercest and bitterest of all, between Bell and Andrew Johnson. These last, we believe, had a little personal reacountre, somewhere about the Senators. The two Senators from Mississippi, Jefferson Davis and Salathiel Foote, both Democrata, used to hold each other in special abhorrence—hating each other with a hate that finally enlaminated in a small fish faght at Senator Davis' boarding-house. Even Senators Davis and Brown, of Mississippi, also both Democrats, never had any good feeling for each other. The fend between Fenton and Conklin, both Republicans, of New York, is notorious; and it has been intensified, if not originally caused, by the preference shown by Grant for Conklin and his friends in the distribution of the New York offices. Old Tom Benton, one of the best haters that ever lived, during his "Thirty Years in the Senate," was ever at war with his colleagues, each in his turn; indeed, his whole career in Missouri, as previously in Tennessee, was filled up with "private wars" and "rumors of wars," one of which resulted in the extermination of his enemy—Col. Lucas—in a celebrated duel.

Long ago, we remember to have beard that Felix Grundy left Kentucky

ation of his enemy—Col. Lucas—in a celebrated duel.

Long ago, we remember to have heard that Felix Grundy left Kentucky when a rising young man, because, as he is reported to have said, "there was not room enough in one State for two such men as Henry Clay and himself." He accordingly actiled in Tennessee, where his subsequent life was one long but occasionally successful rivalry with White, Bell, Polk, and other great guns of nearly as heavy calibre as himself. It is this spirit of selfah rivalry that results in so many of those bitter fends which have disgraced the highest councils of the nation.—Frankfort, Ky., Toman's comments on one of Mack's Washington letters.

Reseauchers in Chinese archives show that the

RESEARCHES in Chinese archives show that the architect who designed and the engineer who built the Great Wall were women.

THE coming comet, it is said, will be 920,009, 200,000,000,000 miles in length, or thereabouts.

OLD AGE.

(The following lines originally appeared more than fifty years ago, is a paper published by the boys of Ethn College in England. Doubtless they have been read by many, but they may be perused with pleasure again and again. The treather he very coal of truth, tender-nos, and melody.]

Confed soldiers. After Mr. greeley's inauguration we propose to start a new war. I've been a talkin with the boys. The glorious Confederacy, defeated by old Linkun, is still warm in the bosom of its votaries—so to speak. Beauregard. Davis, and Longstreet still live. 8,000,000 brave Confederits are ready to fight again; and when our friend and sympathizer, Greeley, establishes hisself in the White House, the fight for our freedom will kommence. Grant and the frowning Federal bayonets will no longer hold us in the Union, but with 'Let the wayward sisters go in peace' painted on our banners, we will bivonack on Arlington Heights, and invite Mr. greeley to join us. An he will do it. Hasn't be gone back on every friend and every party since 1830? I tell you, Eli, history will repeat itself. H. greeley has gone back on the Black Republicans. We know it here in Georgia, and every secessionist is heart and sond with the only man in the North who advocated secession in 1861. The war is not ended; secession is not dead. When Grant gets back to his farm and greeley has quarreled with Sherman, Beauregard will take the Portfolio of War. Longstreet will reorganize the army, and the old fight will commence, provided we can keep Ulisses on his St. Louis farm; but if Ulisses ever gets loose and calls on his old boys, there will be great danger to the Confederacy. U. S. Grant must be defeated, if the South is to succeed. He has always broken up our Ku-Klux and prevented us from arming against the government. He watches over the old Union too close. We want an old granny who will sympathize with us and let us drill, and one in whose bosom we believe resta the divine principle of secession.

"When Mr. greeley was nominated, didn't the

bosom we believe rests the divine principle of secession.

"When Mr. greeley was nominated, didn't the band play 'Dixie' and 'My Maryland?' Yes, Eli, and the bands will kontiner to play Dixie till your miserable old skar strangled blanner will give place to the glorious stars and bars and the new Confederacy.

"Now, my dear Nevy, you are in the haunts of fashun—you firt with the girls and dance the round dances—so to speak. But during your frivolity don't forget to say a good word for Mr. Greeley, our secossion candidate. See to it that none but greeley men are put on gard as room managers at the Congress Hall balls; but I guess you hadn't better say much about his secession sympathies to Northern Democrats.

"Would you?

"Yours Respectful, Consider Perkins."

"Yours Respectful, Consider Perkins."

An Ameleut Dame and Her Son, who is of Age.
Yesterday a blind and gray old colered woman, named Jordan Baxter, and sons, came down the Knoxville Branch and took passage on the passenger train at Lebanon Junction for Junction City. The old lady was born in 1759, the year in which General Wolfe made his desperate assault on Quebec, and when our own country was in an inchoate condition, and is consequently one hundred and thirteen yearsold. She lived in Virginia in a quiet way, as a slave, for seventy years, when she was brought to Kentneky, and has been living at Richmond Junction for many years. The right of personal liberty was granted to her at an advanced age, it is true, but the old lady has thoroughly enjoyed it since. Her escort was her son, a youth eighty years old, who seemd already to feel the effect of his years. Mrs. Baxter has twenty-one grand-children. The aged comple were regarded with deep interest by all who saw them. May they live long and well!—Louisrille Commercial.

Appopes of the proposed embalment and mum-

Apropos of the proposed embalment and mummying of the body of Mazzini, it is related that Jeremy Bentham's body in accordance with his wishes was so preserved "to be placed in a chair at the banquet table of his friends and disciples." It is now confessed that a wax wash was substituted for the real face, which was not a pleasant procedure.

spectacle.

EVERY woman was made for a mother—consequently bubies are an necessary to their "peace of mind" as health. If you would see melancholy personified, look at an old maid or childless wife. If you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother.

In olden times June was held to be the most propitions month of the twelve for marriages, a happy result being rendered doubly certain if the ceremony was timed so as to take place at the full of the moon.

An Jowa minister presched a sermen the other Sanday which was composed entirely of words of one syllable.

Goldwin Shirm thinks we'll all be vegetarians by and by.

## ARECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY COL. J. W. FORNEY.

ANGESTER OF TREACT SIRE.

The shortest in the state of th

French republicanism, its destruction. Commerce and the arts of peace are the weapons of one; fire and sword are the weapons of the other."

A congressman's Bay.

A correspondent of the Herald of Health writes from Washington: "Let us now accompany a Congressman through a single journey of twenty four hours, and see whether it is one calculated to contribute to health of body or mind. We will start from the moment of rising from the breakfast-table. That, we will say, is 9 o'clock. Instead of having a screen half-hour for that meal, with every other mouthful the waiter has brought to him the card of a caller; and, without having time to pick his teeth, he is at one greeted by log-rollers, office-seekers, and are egridered by log-rollers, office-seekers, and are egridered through whom he has to run the gauntlet, and make his swift escape to the Capitol, where two or three hours of committee-work await him. At 12 o'clock he goes into the house, where he remains in the midst of exciting work until 4 or 50 o'clock, having sanateded time to swallow a lunch in the restaurant below the House. By 7 o'clock he has eaten his dinner; and thence forward till midnight are parties, calls, reading newspapers, writing letters, or holding consultations with one's political friends. Altogether, the life of a politician at Washington is characterized by as much hurry, worry, lud air, and hard work, that only a man of tremendous physique, like Charles. Sunner or General Garfield, can flourish under it. It is a killing life. The weak countitations with the weak on the consultations are along here. He had a consultation with one's politicial friends. Altogether, the life of a politician at Washington is characterized by as much of the head of the consultation and the property of the way to the consultation of the head of the consultations are along here. The weak countitions of the head of the consultation of the head of the consultation of the consultat

An exchange informs us that a traveller has

ry department since, being also engaged in studying law, in order to enable her to secure her rights to her property in Kansas, which she will no doubt do and return to that State, unless she gets into the Cabinet. She is a lady of great versatility of talent, and would fill even a higher position than the one she now occupies with credit.

An exchange informs us that a traveller has just returned, not reluctantly, we trust, from the woman-hating settlement of Acts, in the Grecian Archipelage, where a bachelor's Arradia has existed from time immemorial. It is a monastic confederation, consisting of twenty-three convents, and numbers more than seven thousand sonts. Soldiers are paid by the monks to guard the borders of this happy land, and no woman is allowed to enter. The very idea of women, whether as sister, wife or mother, seems to be wholly lost. To all sour old bachelors who complain of the wiles of women seeking to entraphem into marriage, this territory, belonging to Mont Athos, can safely be recommended as a haven of refuge.

Odd indeed are some of the effects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number among them the loss of patic defects of the Franco-Prusian war. We must now number am

# WHOLE NUMBER, 785.

THE OLD MILL There's a ruined mill riands over the str Full many a story high; And its gabled roof and swinging beam' Lean over the way, and always seem To nod to the passer-by.